

The history

*Ulyss.* Oh deadly gall and theame of all our scornes,  
For which we loose our heads to guild his hornes.

*Patro.* The first was *Menelaus* kisse this mine,  
*Patroclus* kisses you.

*Mene.* Oh this is trim.

*Patr.* *Paris* and I kisse euermore for him.

*Mene.* Ile haue my kisse fir? Lady by your leaue.

*Cres.* In kissing do you render or receiue.

*Patr.* Both take and giue.

*Cres.* Ile make my match to lue,

The kisse you take is better then you giue: therefore no kisse.

*Mene.* Ile giue you boote, ile giue you three for one.

*Cres.* You are an od man giue euen or giue none.

*Mene.* An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.

*Cres.* No *Paris* is nor, for you know tis true,

That you are odde and he is euen with you.

*Mene.* You fillip me a'th head.

*Cres.* No ile be sworne.

*Ulyss.* It were no match, your naile against his hornes.

May I sweete Lady begge a kisse of you.

*Cres.* You may. *Ulyss.* I do desire it.

*Cres.* Why begge then.

*Ulyss.* Why then for *Venus* sake giue me a kisse,

When *Hellen* is a maide againe and his

*Cres.* I am your debtor, claime it when tis due.

*Ulyss.* Neuer my day, and then a kisse of you.

*Diom.* Lady a word, ile bring you to your father.

*Nest.* A woman of quick sence.

*Ulyss.* Fie, fie vpon her,

Ther's language in her eye, her cheek her lip,

Nay her foote speakes, her wanton spirits looke oue

At euery ioynt and motiue of her body,

Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,

That giue a coasting welcome ere it comes.

And wide vnclap the tables of their thoughts,

To euery ticklish reader, set them downe,

For sluttish spoiles of opportunity:

And daughters of the game.

*Flourish enter all of Troy.*

*All.*

of *Troilus* and *Cresseida*.

*All.* The *Troyans* trumpet.

*Agam.* Yonder comes the troupe.

*Ene.* Haile all the state of *Greece*: what shalbe done,  
To him that victory commands, or doe you purpose,  
A victor shalbe knowne, will you the knights  
Shall to the edge of all extremity  
Pursue each other, or shall they be diuided,  
By any voice or order of the field, *Hector* bad aske?

*Agam.* Which way would *Hector* haue it?

*Ene.* He cares not, heele obay condicions.

*Agam.* Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,  
A little proudly, and great deale misprising:  
The knight oppos'd.

*Ene.* If not *Achilles* fir, what is your name?

*Achil.* If not *Achilles* nothing.

*Ene.* Therefore *Achilles*, but what ere know this,  
In the extremity of great and little:

Valour and pride excell themselves in *Hector*

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blanke as nothing, way him well:

And that which lookes like pride is curtesie,

This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hectors* bloud,

In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* sties at home,

Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector* comes to seeke:

This blended knight halfe *Trojan*, and halfe *Greece*.

*Achil.* A maiden battell then, Oh I perceiue you.

*Agam.* Here is fir *Diomed*? go gentle knight,

Stand by our *Ajax*. As you and Lord *Enem*

Consent vpon the order of their fight,

So be it, either to the vttermost,

Or els a breath, the combatants being kin,

Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.

*Ulysses*: what *Trojan* is that same that lookes so heauy?

*Ulyss.* The yongest sonne of *Priam*, a true knight,

Not yet mature, yet matchlesse firme of word,

Speaking deeds, and deedlesse in his tongue,

Not soone prouok't nor beeing prouok't soone calm'd,

His heart and hand both open and both free.

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For